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TALES[®]

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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! WELCOME, YOU DEAR LITTLE MORBID MONSTERS, TO MY NEW TERROR-TITLES! E.C.'S BRIBESOME THREESOME IS NOW A REVULSING FOURSOME, AS "THE CRYPT OF TERROR" JOINS WITH "THE VAULT OF HORROR," "THE HAUNT OF FEAR," AND "TALES FROM THE CRYPT" TO BRING YOU HEAPING HELPFINGS OF HORROR IN THE OFF-IMITATED E.C. TRADITION. I TRUST YOU'LL BE AMPLY SICKENED BY THIS LATEST COLLECTION OF CANNIBEROUS GAYOFFINGS. AS OF NOW, ALL IS AT PEACE AT THE E.C. OFFICES, BUT I EXPECT TROUBLE WITH THE FAULT-KEEPER AND THE OLD WITCH REALIZES THAT I, NOW, HAVE TWO MUCH-BASS TO THEIR ONE! OH, WELL, THERE'S NO USE SLAUGHTERING YOUR CHILDREN BEFORE YOU COME TO THE BURNED BRIDGES. SO, COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR... AND YOUR MOST IN HOWLS AND HEAVES, YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER, WILL LAUNCH MY NEW HAUSEATING NEWSPRINT-MARCOTIC WITH THE BLOOD-CURLING SPINE-FINSLING YELP-PARN I CALL:

UPON REFLECTION



CHESTER WAYNE TRUCKED TREMBLINGLY ALONG THE MACADAM ROAD LEADING FROM PLAINVILLE. HIS HIGH-POWERED RIFLE WAS READY, HIS NERVES FRAGILE ON THE TRIGGER. ABOVE, A FULL MOON WOOD THREW A PALE LIGHT ON THE COUNTRYSIDE, SILHOUETTING EACH SHADY BUSH INTO AN OBNOXIOUS CROUCHING FORM. AROUND HIM, EACH PAINT WHISPER OF WIND WHISPERED, "GO BACK! GO BACK!"...



I SWORE OVER MAMIE'S BAKED BONES I'D GET THE ONE WHO DID IT TO HER. I'VE GOT TO KEEP TRYING! I'VE GOT TO!...

THINKING OF MAMIE MADE CHESTER MAD AND DROVE HIM ON. HE WAS ROUNDING A TURN WHEN HE SAW IT NOT FORTY FEET AHEAD. HE STOPPED ABRUPTLY AND CALLED OUT TO THE BLACK-CLOAKED HULK IN THE SHALLOW ROAD-SIDE DITCH...



WHO, WHO'S THERE?

THE STARTLED CREATURE TURNED FROM ITS HUMAN PREY A CLAMMY SWEAT BROKE OUT ON CHESTER WHEN HE SAW THE HURRY FACE, THE BLOOD DRIPPING FROM ITS Lips AND CHIN...



BAH! OH, LORD...

THE WEREWOLF BARED ITS FANGS AT THE HUNTER AND SNARLED. CHESTER DROPPED TO ONE KNEE, THREW THE RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER AND SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER. A HOLLOW-NOSED SS SHRIEKED ACROSS THE ROAD AFTER THE NON-FLESHING BEAST...



HIT HIM! FOR MAMIE! RIP HIM OPEN!

HE WAS MUMM WITH HORROR, HALF-BLIND WITH RAGE AS HE BLASTED AWAY AT THE DISAPPEARING MONSTER TILL THE MAGAZINE WAS EMPTY AND THE HAMMER CLICKED DEAD ON THE EMPTY RIFLE CHAMBER...



MISSED HIM... SON... MAMIE? I SO... MISSED...

DEATH TO LOOK UPON THE SORT REMAINS THAT LAY IN THE DITCH, CHESTER WAS NEVERTHELESS DRAWN TOWARD THEM AS THOUGH BY SOME MAGNET OF MORBIDITY. HE APPROACHED ON TREMBLING LEGS... LOOKED... THEN RECOILED IN HORROR AT THE SIGHT OF BARE BONE AND RAW, HALF-EATEN FLESH...



OH, GOD!

A GREAT VIOLENT SCREAM WRENCHED AT CHESTER'S THROAT... AND HE TURNED, RETCHING, AND RAN THE WHOLE WAY BACK TO PLAINVILLE...



OH, GOD!

THE MEN IN HARLEY'S TAVERN LEAPED TO THEIR FEET AS CHESTER BURST THROUGH THE DOOR, HEADED FOR THE BAR. THEY SAW THE RIFLE AND THE LOOK ON HIS FACE AND THEY DREW.

WHO... WHO WAS IT THIS TIME, CHESTY?

SOXIE, FRANK! FOUR ME SOME-THIN' STRAIGHT!



IT ALREADY GOT SOMEONE CLOSE TO ME, PAUL! MY WIFE BABY!

THAT GIVES YOU MORE RIGHT TO TELL THE MAYOR OFF, CHEST. FODLEAD THE MAY AND WE'LL BACK YOU UP!



A PAT LOT OF SOXO TIME'LL DO, MAYOR! WHAT ABOUT THE PROTECTION YOU PROMISED US?

WHAT CAN I DO, MR. WAYNE? FOR ONE THING, THIS FRENCH ATTACK TOOK PLACE OUTSIDE OF TOWN... BEYOND MY JURISDICTION.



CHESTER TOSSED OFF A DOUBLE BOURBON... AND WHILE IT WAS STILL BURNING DOWN, HE PANTED OUT THE TERRIBLE DETAILS OF HIS HARBORING EXPERIENCE.

GOD, MAN! TELL US WHO IT WAS! WE'VE ALL GOT FAMILIES!

A FARMER HAS A PLACE THREE MILES OUT... BEEN HERE IN TOWN... NICE BUN. SOXIE, HE'S GONNA BE QUIET A LONG, LONG TIME NOW... LIKE MY MAMIE!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, MAYOR EDWOOD HANSON WAS AWAKENED BY SHOUTS OF HIS NAME. HE LEANED UNEASILY FROM THE BEDROOM WINDOW OF HIS COLONIAL HOME AND LOOKED DOWN AT THE ANGRY CROWD BELOW.

PLEASE, GENTLEMEN! MY WIFE IS ASLEEP!

THEN COME ON DOWN, MAYOR!



AT FIRST THE MEN EXCHANGED GUILTY BLANCES OF RELIEF, BUT AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF BROODING SILENCE, PAUL MYERS CLIMBED ONTO A TABLE AND SHOUTED...

THAT MAKES FIVE VICTIMS IN A MAY MONTHS... AND WHY? WHY? WE ASKED FOR PROTECTION IN THE ROTTEN TOWN! ALL WE GET FROM MAYOR HANSON IS PROMISES! DO WE SAY TILL THAT BERSERK GRAB SOMEONE CLOSE TO US BEFORE WE MAKE HANSON DO SOMETHING??



SOON, HIS PORTLY PANAMA-COLORED FIGURE WHIPPED IN A SLANDER ROSE, THE DISMAYED MAYOR OF PLAINSVILLE STOOD BEFORE HIS TOWN-PEOPLE, LISTENING TO THE FRIGHTFUL NEWS.

TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE! I'LL SEND OFFICIAL CONDOLENCES TO HIS WIDOW IN THE MORN...



MY WIFE'S BODY WAS RANDED RIGHT HERE ON THE STREETS OF PLAINSVILLE!

WE WANT MORE THAN WORDS, MAYOR!

WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT, HANSON?



MAJOR HANSON TRIED TO PACIFY THE ROLLO MOBS...

PLEASE, GENTLE-
MEN! NOW, MR.
WAYNE, YOU SAY
YOU FIRED SEVERAL
SILVER BULLETS
AT THE WEREWOLF.
THEY WERE SILVER
BULLETS, OF COURSE!

SENTRY? I
DON'T GET
YOU, MAYOR,
I USED ROLLO-
LOO-HOODED
SP'S... LEAD
NOT SILVER.
THEY'RE LIKE
DUM-DUMS...

MAJOR HANSON WAS VERY ADEPT AT SHIFTING THE PRESSURE FROM HIMSELF...

WELL, I WOULD HAVE KNOWN SOMEONE WOULD GO OFF HALF-COOKED BY DEAR MR. WAYNE... IF YOU TAKEN THE TROUBLE TO HEAD UP ON WEREWOLVES AS I HAVE, YOU'D KNOW THAT ONLY A SILVER BULLET CAN KILL A WEREWOLF!

THE CROWD FELL SILENT WITH EMBARRASSMENT FOR NO MAN WISHED TO ADMIT IGNORANCE TO HIS NEIGHBOR. MAYOR HANSON SMILED PATRONIZINGLY...

I'LL WELCOME ANYONE OF YOU TO MY LIBRARY WHO'D CARE TO INFORM HIMSELF ON THE HABITS OF THE LYCANTHROPE, NEARBYVILLE, MY FELLOW CITIZENS, BE CALM AND... GOOD-NIGHT...



THE MAYOR WENT BACK INTO HIS STately HOME, THE CROWD DISPERSED, AND CHESTER WAYNE JOINED PAUL MYERS AND CHUCK BOGANS IN A BLOODY SESSION AT MARLEY'S TAVERN...

THOSE MEN WERE A MAN BETTER AT BOUJININ' OUT OF A HOT SPOT THAN MAYOR HANSON!

WE'RE NO BETTER OFF THAN BEFORE WE CALLED ON HIM!



CHESTER WAYNE GRIMACED...

YES, WE ARE! WE HAVE TIME... A WHOLE MONTH BEFORE THE NEXT FULL MOON. WE CAN START MELTIN' DOWN SILVER COINS FOR BULLETS! WE CAN BE READY THE NEXT TIME THAT WEREWOLF SHOWS HIMSELF...



SO MOST OF THE PEOPLE OF PLAINSVILLE LIVED IN DREAD OF THE COMING FULL MOON... AND THE NIGHT IT ARRIVED, EVERYONE STAYED BEHIND LOCKED DOORS AND SHUTTERED WINDOWS. ONLY CLARA HANSON, THE MAYOR'S WIFE, TEXTURED OUT TO VISIT HER AGED AND BLIND MOTHER...

I'VE GOT TO BE WORKING ALONE, MAMA. EVIDENCE WILL BE MOUNTING ABOUT ME! PROMISE YOU'LL TAKE IT EASY...

WHAT ELSE COULD I DO IN THIS WEREWOLF CLAY?



IT WAS JUST THREE SHORT BLOCKS FROM HER MOTHER'S HOME TO THE HANSON HOME. CLARA WALKED UNAFRAID, UNTIL SHE SAW THE PALLID YELLOW MOON HANGING HIGH ABOVE THE VILLAGE SQUARE...

SURP... TRAMP HEAVENS IT'S NOT FAR!



CLARA HANSON HURRIED HER STEPS, FINDING SOME LITTLE COMFORT AS THE SHOCK CLICKING OF HER HEELS ALONG THE CEMENTED SIDEWALK KEPT TIME WITH THE RAPID BEATING OF HER RACING HEART. SHE'D REACHED THE SQUARE ONLY ONE BLOCK FROM HOME, WHEN SHE HEARD THE TERRIFYING THREAT. SHE SPUN AROUND, HER BLOOD TURNING TO ICE IN HER VEINS...



CHOKED

HER ATTEMPTED SCREAM CAME FORTH AS NO MORE THAN AN APATHETIC WHEELING SQUEAL, THE FLESH-STAINED BEAST SPRANG... DIPPING ITS BLEATING FANGS INTO HER THROBBING THROAT... RIPPING IT OPEN... FOUNTAINING THE BLOOD OVER ITS Hairy FACE... INTO ITS RED BOLLING EYES...



YAA...GHH...SHAA...GHH

WHILE JUST ACROSS THE SQUARE, IN HARLEY'S TAVERN, CHESTER BETHIE AND PAUL MYERS WERE FORTIFYING THEMSELVES AT THE BAR...



WE'RE READY FOR 'EM THIS TIME, FRANK! YEP! GOT SILVER BULLETS IN OUR RIFLES...

THAT'S RIGHT, FRANK!

HANSON! GOT A LOT OF GOOD YOU'RE DOIN' TALKIN' ABOUT IT HERE! IF YOU'RE GONNA AFTER HIM, GOT TO BE SCARED, THEN ADMIT IT AND QUIT BULLIN'!

SHEEPISHLY, THEY RICKED UP THEIR SILVER-BULLET-LOADED CARBINES AND WALKED FROM THE TAVERN, ACROSS THE SQUARE, THEY GOT NO FURTHER THAN WHERE THE SHASTLY SKELETON OF CLARA HANSON LAY IN A POOL OF COAGULATING BLOOD, HER BLOOD SOAKED CLOTHING STREAM ABOUT...



PAUL CHOKED...

WE'RE...WE'RE TOO LATE! 'EMOY! LET'S GET THE MAYOR! LET'S MAKE HIM SEE FOR HIMSELF!

MAYOR HANSON WAS FLAUNTLY TROUBLED WHEN HE FACED THE TWO WHITE-FACED MEN ACROSS HIS THRESHOLD...



...STUCK AGAIN?? Oh... LORD! NO! NO! I JUST KNOWED MY MOTHER-IN-LAW! CLARA HANSON'S COME HOME YET! AND IT A...A WOMAN?

PAUL! FRANK! I'M THINKIN' THE SAME THING! YOU BETTER GET DRESSED, MAYOR!

THE MAYOR RECOGNIZED HIS WIFE'S CLOTHES AT ONCE. WITH MUCH LOUD BAILING AND ANGRISHED SQUEALS, HE FELL ACROSS HER FLESH-STRIPPED BONES...

CLARA SOB... BY CLARA

ALL THAT CARRYING ON WON'T HELP HER NOW...

LEAVE HIM ALONE, PAUL!



AT LAST THE MAYOR AROSE AND HIS TEAR-REDDENED EYES BLAZED

THAT FILTHY WIFE THINKS I'LL GET EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN IN THE TOWN AFTER IT!

THIS TIME IT'S YOUR WIFE, AND THE SNOW'S ON THE OTHER FOOT!

LAF OFF, WILL YOU, PAUL!



EVERY MAN WILL BE ARMED! THERE'LL BE SILVER BULLETS FOR ALL! A VIGILANTE COMMITTEE, THAT'S WHAT WE'LL HAVE! WE'LL DIVIDE INTO GROUPS... COME THE COUNTRYBOY! COME THE NEXT FULL MOON WE'LL BE WAITING!



WITHIN TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS, EVERY CAPABLE MAN IN PLAINVILLE HAD RECEIVED A RIFLE AND FIVE SILVER BULLETS. EVERYONE HAD PRACTICED WITH MOVING TARGETS. EVERYONE WAS READY. THE AFTERNOON BEFORE THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON THE MEN THROGGED BEFORE WAY OR HAZARD'S MADNESS

WE'LL START NOW IN GROUPS OF SIX... IN DAYLIGHT SO WE CAN ACCOUNT OURSELVES WITH EACH AREA! NOW, REMEMBER!



...STAY CLOSE TOGETHER AND MAKE SURE OF WHAT YOU'RE SHOOTING AT! WHEN YOU SEE SOMETHING MOVE, MAKE CERTAIN IT ISN'T ONE OF YOUR OWN PARTY. FAR OFF! ONE MAN USE A LIGHT WHILE THE OTHER MAN DOES THE SHOOTING! WE DON'T WANT ANY INNOCENT PEOPLE KILLED!



IT WAS TWILIGHT WHEN MAYOR HANSON, WEARING A RED DUDE SHOOTING JACKET AND SCARLET HUNTER'S CAP, CLIMBED FROM HIS CAR AT THE RENDEZVOUS SPOT FOR HIS GROUP. CHESTER BAYNE GRINNED...

POPE THE FANCY GUYFIT OR ME HONOR, PAUL, YOU COULD SEE IT IN A COAL MINE AT MIDNIGHT

HANTING IN THE DARK IS A DAMNED BUSINESS, MR. BAYNE. I'D RATHER BE SAFE THAN SORRY.



WHEN DARKNESS CAME, THE MEN WERE ALERT AND JUMPY! MATT STEVENS, WITH HIS GROUP IN TOWN, SAW A SUSPICIOUS FIGURE, SCREAMED TOUT ALRIGHT, AND BEGAN SHOOTING...

CUT THAT OUT, MATT! THE MAJOR SAID TO MAKE SURE WHAT YOU'RE SHOOTING AT!



LUCKILY, WAYNE'S SHOTS WERE
WELL. THE FIGURE TURNED OUT TO
BE A FAMILIAR DRUNK THEY ALL
KNEW WELL...

WELL, WHAT'S
YOU RUN
FOR IF YOU
AREN'T
THE WERE-
WOLF?

I AIN'T AND
SOBERED I'M
GONNA BE A
BITTIN' DOOR
WHEN SOMEONE
SPEAKS UP ON
WE HATE INTERVENT!



MEANWHILE, WAYNE HANSON AND
HIS PARTY'D SURROUNDED A STRANGE
OLD WOMAN WALKING ALONG A
LONELY DARK ROAD...

LADY, YOU'RE TAKING
A CHANCE BEING
OUT TONIGHT!
BETTER LET US
SEE YOU HOME!

I DON'T
NEED THE
SEEK HOME!
I AIN'T
SLEEPER!



PAUL MYERS STUDIED THE OLD LADY.

HOLD ON, WAYNE!
WHO SAYS THE
WEREWOLF?
I GOT TO BE A MAN!
I'VE SEEN THIS
GUYER GAMB AROUND.
I NEVER LINED
HER LOOKS!

MAYBE YOU'VE
GOT SOMETHING
THERE, MYERS. I
HADN'T THOUGHT
OF A FEMALE
WEREWOLF!



WAYNE HANSON AND PAUL MYERS REVEALED THEIR
THEORY TO THE OTHERS OF THEIR PARTY...

WELL, HOW CAN WE
TELL IF SHE IS THE
WEREWOLF?

WE'LL TAKE HER BACK TO MY
PLACE? I HAVE THAT BOOK!
IT TELLS HOW TO RECOGNIZE
A WEREWOLF... EVEN IN
HUMAN FORM!



CHET WAYNE BRANCHED HIS RIFLE AND SCOOPED...

AN' PUTS TO YOUR BOOK,
MEXIC. IN LESS THAN TWENTY
MINUTES, THE MOON WILL BE
FULL. THEN, IF THE OLD LADY
TURNS OUT TO BE WHAT
WE'RE AFTER, WE LET HER
HAVE IT!

... AND IF SHE DOESN'T,
THEN WE'VE WASTED
VALUABLE TIME... PERHAPS
EVEN LET THE REAL
WEREWOLF ESCAPE.



THEY MADE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE MANOR'S GATE.
THE OLD LADY FOUGHT THEM AS THEY TRIED TO PUSH
HER IN. SHE EVEN BIT PAUL'S HAND...

OFFER THE DIRTY
BITCH!

I AIN'T BOW! YOU
CAN'T MAKE ME
GO!



PAUL SOLVED THE PROBLEM. HE BRUNG HIS RIFLE-BUTT,
CLOUTING THE OLD WOMAN ACROSS THE SIDE OF HER HEAD.

THIS... THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
AFTER ALL, WE STILL HAVE NO
PROOF! YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE HIT HER...

AWH, CLIMB OFF BY
BACK WATCH! AND
STEP ON IT! SHE'S
OUT COLD!



IT TOOK HIM OVER FIFTEEN MINUTES TO REACH THE MAYOR'S HOUSE IN TOWN. BY THAT TIME, THE OLD MAN HAD REVIVED.

I'LL GET THE ROOM AND COME RIGHT OUT! HOLD HER!

I STILL THINK YOU'RE CRAZY, HARRISON! IN LESS THAN THREE MINUTES THE MOON WILL BE FULL... AND THEN WE'LL SHOW YOU SOME!



MAYOR HARRISON HURRIED INTO THE HOUSE, STUMBLING DOWN THE ONLY LIT HALL TO THE DARK LIBRARY. HE STOPPED SUDDENLY AS HE REACHED THE DOOR... AND STARED AT THE GLEAMING EYES BURNING IN THE BLACKNESS BEYOND...

WHAT THE...? SOMEONE'S IN THERE! IT'S... IT'S...



MAYOR HARRISON MOVED FORWARD SLOWLY, HIS RIFLE READY. THEN, ALL AT ONCE, HE SAW IT... THE HARRY FACE... THE GLEAMING FANGS FLASHING FROM BEHIND THE SCARLING CRUEL MOUTH. HE SCREAMED...

IT'S THE WEREWOLF!



HE FIRED, POINT-BLANK, BRAIN AND BRAIN. THE WILE FEROCIOUS BEAST JUST STOOD THERE... SCARLING AND AT HIM.

MY GOD! THE SILVER BULLETS! THEY WON'T KILL HIM! I COULDN'T MISS... NOT AT THIS RANGE!



OUTSIDE, THE MEN HEARD THE SHOTS AND TORE FOR THE HOUSE... THE MAYOR STUMBLED TO THE LIBRARY LIGHT SWITCH, FLIPPING IT ON. HE SCREAMED AS THE BLOW FLOODED THE ROOM...

YAAAAHHHHH!!

OR THERE? THE LIBRARY!

IT'S THE MAYOR! HE'S PROBABLY BEING ATTACKED BY THE WEREWOLF!



MAYOR ELWOOD HARRISON STOOD BEFORE THE FULL-LENGTH LIBRARY MIRROR, SCARLING AND SHAKING, STARING IDENTICALLY AT THE BULLET HOLTS HE'D MADE WHEN HE'D SHOT AT HIS OWN REFLECTION.

GOOD LORD!

GNORE!



AND THAT'S THE FIRST SCREAM-STORY IN MY NEW PUTRID PERNICIOUS, PERNICIOUS, NATURALLY, THEY SHOT MAYOR WEREWOLF AFTER THAT. IN FACT THEY PUMPED HIM SO FULL OF SILVER BULLETS, HE HAD TO BE LOWERED INTO HIS GRAVE WITH A GEMMA! THEN A COUPLE OF BRAKE-BOMBERS HEARD ABOUT THE SILVER... AND... BUT THAT'S

ANOTHER STORY!

I'LL BE THERE UP SOME OTHER TIME. NOW THE RAFFLE-KEEPER WAITS WITH HIS CREEPY CONTRIBUTION TO THIS MOROSE NEWS. I'LL BE BACK LATER.

'BYE, NOW.

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HELLO! AND NOW THAT C.R. HAS CURDLED YOUR ARTERIC BLOOD, IT'S TIME FOR YOUR HOST IN THE VAULT OF HORROR, THE VAULT-KEEPER... NAMELY, ME, TO ENTERTAIN YOU WITH A SPINE-TINGLING, NAUSEATING NOVELETTE FROM MY CREEP COLLECTION. LET'S GET ON... LET'S NOT GET OFF! THIS IS A GOOD BONY ONE! IT'S CALLED...

BLIND ALLEYS

THE "HOME" WAS OLD AND PAINT-STARVED AND DRAFTY AND BADLY IN NEED OF REPAIR. THE ROOF LEAKED AND THE WINDOWS RATTLED AND WERE COVERED WITH YEARS OF DUST AND GRIME. THE INMATES OF THE HOME WALKED GRIM-FACED AND SILENT THROUGH CRACKED PLASTER WALLS, OR SAT IN DINYR ROOMS ON CRAWLING BEDS. THEY SHIVERED IN THE COLD WHEN WINTER CAME... WHEN THERE WAS NO STEAM TO WARM THE MUSTY RADIATORS...



...AND THEY SHIVERED IN THE HEAT WHEN SUMMER BARRAGED... WHEN LONG-BROKED FANS LAY IDLE AND UNREPAIRED, ANXIOUSLY TO HAFT A BREATH OF COOL... THE RELIEF...



BUT THEY COULD NOT SEE THE PAINT-PEELED WALLS... THE DIRT CLOAKED WINDOWS... THE DUSTY AND COB-WEBBED HALLS OF THIS, THEIR HOME... THESE INMATES, THEY COULD NOT SEE THE ROACHES AND THE HATS SCAMPERING ACROSS THE UNWASHED FLOORS...



... AS THIS WAS A "HOME" FOR THE BLIND... FOR WRETCHED SOULS WHO LIVED IN WORLDS OF DARKNESS... WHO STARED WITH UNSEEING EYES AT THE MISERY AROUND THEM... AND YET *KNOW* AND *HATED* ALL OF IT...



FOR THE LOSS OF *ONE* SENSE ONLY TEMPS TO SHARPEN THE *OTHERS*... TO *FOUSE* THEM MORE *FINDLY*... TO MAKE THEM MORE *ACUTE*... THE *INMATES* *KNOW* BECAUSE THEY COULD *TAUPE*... AND *TOUCH*... AND *SMELL* AND *HEAR*... THEY COULD *TASTE* THE *SPOILED* AND *ROTTED* FOOD PLACED BEFORE THEM AT MEALTIMES.



THEY COULD *TOUCH* THE *STUFFY*, *FILMY* *CORNERS*... THE *DUST* *LAYERS* COVERING EVERYTHING...



THEY COULD *SMELL* THE *FOUL* *ODORS* OF *MILDEW* AND *FAULTY* *PLUMBING* AND *POOR* *SANITATION* AND *REFLECT*...



THEY COULD *HEAR* THE *RATS* *SCAMPERING* AND THE *ROACHES* *CRAWLING* AND THE *TERMITES* *BURROWING* AND THE *LICHS* AND *RED-BOYS* AND *FLIES* AND A *THOUSAND* *OTHER* *CREATURES* OF *FILTH* THAT *MOVED*.



AND THEY COULD *HEAR* *OTHER* *CREATURES* *TOO*... *OTHER* *CREATURES* *OF* *FILTH* THAT *MOVED*. THEY COULD *HEAR* *MR. STERNWALD*, THE *HOME'S* *DIRECTOR*, IN HIS *OFFICE-APARTMENT* *DOWNTOWN*, *ENTERTAINING* HIS *LATEST* *LADY-FRIEND* WITH THE *MONEY* HE'D *SAVED* ON THEM... THE *INMATES*...



THEY COULD *HEAR* HIS *ALMOST* *MANICAL* *LAUGHTER* AND THE *CLINKING* *OF* *CHAMPAGNE* *GLASSES*. THEY COULD *SMELL* THE *MOOTH-WATERING* *ODORS* OF THE *LAMBY* *SUPPER* HE WAS *ENJOYING*, AND THEY COULD *SEE*, IN THEIR *MINDS'* *EYES*, THE *LUXURIES* WITH WHICH HE'D *SELPHISHLY* *DURROUNDED* *HIMSELF* AT THEIR *EXPENSE*...



YES, SUMNER BRUNNARD HAD **INDEED** SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH LUXURIES...PAID FOR WITH THE **ALLOTMENTS** GIVEN HIM FOR EACH BLIND INMATE. **WHY PAINT AND PLASTER DREAMY HALLS** THAT THEY'D NEVER SEE, WHEN HE COULD HAVE AN **AIR-CONDITIONER** FOR THOSE HOTTER SUMMER DAYS...



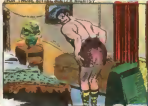
WHY LIVE THOSE POOR MISERABLE BLIND FOOLS **BEAUTY** IF THEY COULD NOT **APPRECIATE** BEAUTY? SUMNER BRUNNARD'S **FELT** THAT WAY! SO HE'D **SKIPPED** ON THE INMATES...**CUT CORNERS HERE... DENIED THERE...** AND WITH THE **SURPLUS**, HE'D SUPPLIED HIMSELF WITH BEAUTY...



FINE FURNITURE...GOOD BOOKS... FURSH RUGS...EXPENSIVE DRAPES... AN OCCASIONAL EVENING OF **FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP**... THEY WERE **ALL** SUMNER'S TO ENJOY. HE'D EVEN BOUGHT A **DOG**... A **VICIOUS DOG**... HE'D HAD A **GOOD REASON**...



WHY LAUNDER SHEETS AND BLANKETS AND **CLOTHES** OF DIRTY-SWEATS AND SWEAT-STAINS THAT THEY'D NEVER SEE WHEN HE COULD HAVE A **HEATER** FOR THOSE BITTER WINTER NIGHTS?



FOR SUMNER KNEW THAT **ANOTHER** SENSE HAD REPLACED THE INMATES' SENSE OF SIGHT... A **DEEP-SEEDED** SENSE... **AWAKING** EACH DAY, HE'D BEEN IT IN THEIR **HEBBED-BLIND EYES**... IN THEIR **SILENT GRIM FACES**... HE'D SEEN THEM **GROWING HATE**... SO HE'D BOUGHT THE **DOG** FOR **PROTECTION**...



AND WITH THE **DOG** AT HIS SIDE, SUMNER'D **WALKED-BELF-CONFIDENTLY** BEFORE THEM, KNOWING THAT HIS **SIGHT** AND THE **DOG'S** STRENGTH WOULD **KEEP** HIM FROM **HARM**...



AND SO, HE'D BEEN ABLE TO **CONTINUE** TO ENJOY HIS **PERISH** LITTLE AMUSEMENTS... LIKE **TRIPPING** **HELPLESS** UNSUSPECTING INMATES AS THEY'D **TOTTER** **BLINDLY** BY HIM...



...OR REMOVING SOMETHING THAT THEY'D COME TO ENJOY WAS THERE AND COULDN'T BE...



THE BARRISTER? WHERE'S THE BA TAAAA... BOOHN.

...OR ADDING SOMETHING NEW...



OWWWW!

HEH, HEH,

...OR BEING JUST NEAR...



HAR, HAR!

YES, SUMNER'S AMUSED HIMSELF WITH HIS CHARGES INABILITY TO SEE HE'D BEEN SARCASIC WITH HIS TORTURES, AND HE'S GROWN FAT ON HIS DEHILLS, AND HIS CHARGES HAD SAT IN THEIR WORLD OF DARKNESS AND WAITED LISTENING.



SUMNER... PLEASE! IT'S THE DOG! HE WAKES ME NERVOUS! I'M AFRAID OF DOGS!

I'M SORRY, BABY HERE, BOY! HERE!

...LISTENING FOR THEM / SPIT / TORTURE...



YOU STAY OUT THERE TILL SUMNER IS THROUGH!

...AND TONIGHT, THEIR OPPORTUNITY CAME...



HUMBER, SORRY NICE, DOGGY! HERE, DOGGY! HERE'S SOME MEAT!

...SO THEY LURED THE DOG DOWN INTO THE OLD MUSTY CELLAR OF THE HOME WITH SOME MEAT-SCRAPS THEY'D SAVED FROM THEIR SCANT MEALS...



IN HERE, DOGGY! COME, BOY!

QUICKLY! LOCK HIM UP!

AND THEN THEY WAITED. THEY WAITED FOR SUMMER'S FRIENDS OF THE EVENING TO LEAVE...

THEY WAITED FOR SUMMER TO MISS HIS BOB...

...AND THEN THEY STRUCK! BLINDLY, UNSEEING... THEY SURROUNDED THEIR HATED ENEMY...



... AND DRAGGED HIM TO THE CELLAR TO GO... TO ANOTHER WAITING CUBICLE...

BUT SUMMER'S ONLY ANSWER WAS THE SOFT WHINE OF THE BOB IN THE ADDING CUBICLE...



THEN THEY BEGAN TO WORK. THEY DRAGGED OUT OLD HAMMERS AND RUSTY SAWS AND UNSHARPED BARS...

AND THEY WENT THROUGH THE HOME AND CUT AND RIPPED AND CHIPPED THE LUMBER THEY NEEDED...



GUNNER LISTENED TO THE HAMMERING ECHOING THROUGH THE CELLAR, HE LISTENED TO THEIR SCOWLS AND CHATTER, AND HE WONDERED...



WHAT ARE THEY UP TO? WHAT ARE THEY MAKING?

AND HE LISTENED AS THE NIGHT PASSED AND DAWN CAME AND THE DOG IN THE CUBICLE NEXT DOOR GREW HUNGRY AND PAGED AND GROWLED AND SCRATCHED AS ITS STOMACH GAINED...



FEED BRUTUS, YOU FOOLS! HE'LL GET AWOL IF YOU DON'T! HE'LL BE DANGEROUS!

WE KNOW, MR. ORIGINAL!

THE DAY PASSED AND NIGHT CAME AGAIN. GUNNER'S OWN STOMACH ACHED WITH HUNGER, AND STILL THEY HAMMERED AND SAWED AND LAUGHED AND TALKED...



WHAT ARE YOU MAKING? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

YOU'LL SEE, MR. ORIGINAL!

THE DOG IN THE NEXT CUBICLE HOWLED ALL THAT NIGHT, Slobbering and snarling and scratching. GUNNER SHUDDERED. THE DOG WAS A BEAST, NOW... A HUNGER-CRAZED BEAST, AND THE HAMMERING WENT ON...



FOOD! GIVE ME SOME FOOD! PLEASE

DO YOU CALL WHAT YOU'VE BEEN FEEDING US FOOD, MR. ORIGINAL?

DAWN CAME AGAIN AND THE SECOND DAY PASSED. NEXT DOOR, THE DOG WAS FIGHTING WITH ITSELF, THROWING ITSELF AGAINST THE CUBICLE SIDES AND HOWLING MADLY...



BRUTUS WILL KILL ANYONE THAT SETS FOOT IN THERE NOW!

GUNNER HIMSELF WAS HALF-CRAZED WITH HUNGER AS THE THIRD NIGHT CAME, AND THEN, TOWARDS MIDNIGHT, THE HAMMERING STOPPED. THE CELLAR WAS SUDDENLY FLOODED WITH LIGHT. EVEN BRUTUS STOPPED SNARLING IN ANTICIPATION.



THEY'RE... THEY'RE OPENING MY CUBICLE.

THEY STOOD BEFORE HIM... DIRTY, SWEATED, TIRED FROM LONG HOURS OF LABOR... THE INMATES... THE BLIND UNDESIRING CARPENTERS. GUNNER BLINKED OUT AT THEM...



COME, MR. ORIGINAL! YOU ARE FREE TO GO!

FOLLOW US, MR. ORIGINAL! WE BUILT THIS JUST FOR YOU! IT LEADS TO THE GELLAR STEPS... AND FREEDOM!

GUNNER STOOD UP AS THEY DARTED OFF. HE COULD HEAR THEIR FOOTSTEPS FADE AS THEY ROUNDED CORNERS AND RAN DOWN LONG CORRIDORS THAT TURNED AND TWISTED AND DOUBLED BACK. GUNNER STARTED...

THEY... THEY BUILT A MAZE?
A PUZZLE I HAVE TO
FIGURE IT OUT?



AND THEN GUNNER SAW THE DREAMING SLIVERS... SLIVERS OF STEEL EMBEDDED IN THE MAZE WALLS...

RAZOR BLADES? THE WALLS ARE
LINED WITH RAZOR BLADES?
THEY WANT ME TO CUT MYSELF?

WOW, MR
SCHWALD!
WOW!



GUNNER LAUGHED TO HIMSELF AS HE STARTED OUT OF HIS CIRCULAR...

THE FOOLEST IF I'M CAREFUL.
IF I TAKE MY TIME... I'LL
NEVER HAVE TO TOUCH THE
WALLS... JUST WALK SLOWLY
LIKE THIS CAREFUL



A SOUND BEHIND GUNNER PROVE
HIS BLOOD? A GRIN, AND A SOUND
OF A DOOR SPRING...

BRUTUS? HUNGER-CRAZED
BRUTUS? THAT'VE FREED
HIM TOO!



GUNNER BEGAN TO RUN. HE HAD TO
REACH FREEDOM BEFORE THAT
STARVED SOB (GROAN) HIM? HE RAN
DOWN THE TWISTING MAZE CORRI-
DORS... THE SOUND OF THE LOVING
SMILING DOG BEHIND HIM

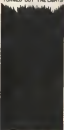
OH, LORD... LORD



HE BRUSHED AGAINST THE RAZOR BLADES, SLASHING HIS FLESH. HE STUMBLED AND GOT UP... RAN ON... FRIGHTENED... WILD... DOWN THROUGH THE TWISTING, DOUBLING-BACK MAZE CORRIDORS WITH THE RAZOR-LINED WALLS AND THE DOBERMANN SOUND CLOSE BEHIND.



AND THEN SOME IDIOT
TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS!



DOGS? WHOSE DOGS, SUN-
NER? NOW, NOW? DON'T GO TO
PIECES? AFTER ALL? IT'S
ALMOST LIKE BEING BLIND!
WELL, RIDGES... THAT'S MY
SISTER'S... STORY FOR THIS
FIRST ISSUE OF G.I. I'VE NOW
WRITTEN FOR ITS TIME TO CLOSE

THE HAULT
OF HORROR
AND TURN YOU
BACK TO HIM.
AS THE
DISEMBERED
PARTS OF A
CORPSE SAID
WHEN THEY WERE
SHIPPED TO THE
UNDERTAKER'S:
"WE'LL GET
TOGETHER
AGAIN!" SHE!



GONE TO SEED

It was back-breaking work, but it *had* to be done. Right away, too. He couldn't risk hiding the body of his wife in the cellar any longer . . . one of the farm hands might accidentally stumble over the corpse and start asking mighty dangerous questions. It was urgent, Dan Gret knew, to dispose of Emily right now, in this field he was plowing for spring planting. No sense in leaving a murdered wife around for the law to find!

Dan Gret heard the farm hands chattering over in the next field . . . he'd have to bowl 'em out about all this horsing around on his time. But at the moment he was too busy trying to gouge a hole in the ground. At first he'd been worried about the noise his shovel would make as he burrowed into the earth, but that had been taken care of without much trouble. The motor of the idling plow made so much noise that those loafers working for him wouldn't pay him any mind. And the bulk of the machine had been carefully maneuvered into place so that it acted as a shield between him and the overalled men seeding the adjoining acre. Thus, Dan Gret had resolved, was to be a *private* burial!

Dan Gret crouched low, in the shadow of the plow. By stretching out full length, he managed to tug the corpse from behind the grumbling machine and oulge it into the makeshift grave. There would be less than a foot of dirt blanketing Emily's body . . . but as soon as the hired hands got a day off he'd hurry back and dig a good deep hole to house the corpse. Within a few weeks the seeds'd be sprouting and the field would burst into furious bloom. Dan Gret grinned as he patted the last shovelful of dirt into place. Not only

was he getting rid of this devil he'd grown to hate . . . he was also helping to fertilize the coming crop!

He straightened up and surveyed his work with a critical eye. His eyes popped: one of Emily's hands was sticking up out of the soil! He lunged forward . . . and heard, with dread, the sound of voices approaching. Those bums who worked for him were coming across the field in his direction!

Dan Gret sprang toward the droning plow. If he could move the machine sideways just a few feet . . . set it directly over Emily's body . . . the danger of the moment could be averted. He barned once, to look back at the tell-tale mound . . . and his foot slid out from under him. His arms flailed the air frantically as he tried to regain his balance: his hand crashed sharply against the gear lever. The plow started immediately to swing in a rumbling circle, because of the way he had cramped the steering wheel. In motionless horror he saw the glittering blades bearing down on him!

Dan Gret screeched in alarm. Then the razor-sharp metal slashed through his flesh . . . the ponderous steel crunched over his writhing body . . . the huge wheels ground over him so that he was drenched in his own gushing blood.

By the time the farm-hands reached him, Dan Gret was slashed almost beyond recognition. With gaping wonder the hired men stared down at Dan Gret's corpse . . . buried alongside that of his wife Emily, in the gory, blood-spattered grave. It was a real family plot!

E.C. WENT TO SEA IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER NEW TREND...



AND WE CAME UP WITH...
SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

NOW YOU SEARCH
FOR IT!

BUT IF YOU CAN'T FIND *PIRACY*
AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU
CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT
THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER
WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF
CENT* (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LAND-
LUBBERS!), TO:

THE SEARCH EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 106
328 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, BUZZ RATS! YOU SHAMSHAWED ME!
I ENCLOSE \$1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES
OF *PIRACY!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP
CODE

A POINT OF ORDER! IF YOU'RE EXPECTING E.C.'S NEWEST HORROR MAG TO BE BETTER THAN TALES FROM THE CRYPT, THE VAULT OF HORROR, AND THE HAUNT OF FEAR, YOU'LL BE SADLY DISAPPOINTED! IT'S ONLY JUST AS GOOD!



INVESTIGATE YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND FOR THE FIRST "JUST-AS-GOOD" ISSUE! HOWEVER IF YOU'RE TIED UP WITH RED TAPE (ADHESIVE, THAT IS!) AND YOU'D RATHER **SUBSCRIBE**, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IN, TOGETHER WITH AN **UNDOCTORED PHOTO** OF GEORGE WASHINGTON ON A \$1.00 BILL YOU'LL RECEIVE 8 **UNCROPPED** ISSUES IN THE MAIL.

THE CRYPT-KEEPER
ROOM 104
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

HERE'S MY BUCK SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF YOUR NEWEST MAG, **THE CRYPT OF TERROR**.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ ZONE NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

HERE'S HOW ONE FAILURE TURNED HIS MISERABLE LIFE INTO A HORRIBLE...

SUCCESS STORY



THE POLICE SURROUNDED HIM. THEY INSERTED THE HOLLOW NEEDLE INTO ELMER'S ARM AND SECONDS LATER THE SCORCHING SOLUTION WAS FLOWING INTO HIS BLOODSTREAM, TAKING ITS EFFECT. ELMER'S SHRILL MANICULATED LAUGHTER CHANGED INTO A SHEEDING SIGH. THE FIASCO FURY OF HIS CONVULSIVE STRUGGLING SUBSIDED INTO HELPLESS EXHAUSTION. THE THREE BRANNY POLICEMEN RELAXED THEIR HOLD TIGHT, AND WIPPED THEIR SWELL-BEADED BROWS. ELMER PRESTON SLUMPED LIMPLY ON THE SHABBY SOFA, HIS PLACID FACE CHANGED TO A YELLOW-SWEATEN HUE. HIS USUALLY SOFT, LIQUID-BROWN EYES WERE GLAZED AND STARRING BOW. HE STARTED TO SPEAK, WITHOUT EMOTION, IN A GUTTERING MONOTONE...



"I'M DEAD I DID IT! IT... IT HAD TO BE THIS WAY. DON'T YOU SEE?"



"NO, MR. PRESTON, WE DON'T BELIEVE YOU'D BETTER TELL US ABOUT IT!"

ELMER'S FACE TOOK ON A THOUGHTFUL EXPRESSION AND HIS EYES SHADED OVER WITH A DISTANT LOOK, HAUNTED BY MEMORIES OF THE PAST. HE BOMBED DEEPLY, THEN SPOKE AGAIN IN A COLORLESS DRONING TONE...



"I... I WAS ALWAYS A FINEB MAN. IT'S NOT GOOD FOR A MAN TO BE THING... ESPECIALLY A MARRIED MAN. ESPECIALLY A MAN MARRIED TO A WOMAN LIKE JOE!"

"MAYBE WE COULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY TOGETHER IN OUR LITTLE APARTMENT... JOE AND I. BUT ONE EVENING HER FOLKS CAME TO DINNER. HER FATHER WAS ALL TENSE, BURSTING WITH NEWS THAT HE FINALLY EXPLODED ON ME AT DINNER..."



"ELMER, YOU MUST BELIEVE ~~WONDERING~~ HOW COME MIM AND I DON'T HAVE YOU TWO A WEDDING YET?"

"WHY, JOE, MR WALLACE I NEVER..."

Chit Chatter

SURE YOU WONDERED!
WELL, SON... WE'VE GOT
A **SURPRISE!** WE'RE
GIVING YOU A **STAFF** ON
A **HOME** OF YOUR
OWN! ONE THOU-
SAND DOLLARS
FOR A **DOWN**
PAYMENT...

ONE
THOUSAND
DOLLARS?
WHY, MR.
WALLACE?
... I HADN'T
KNOWN WHAT
TO SAY!

I SHOULD HAVE SAID, "NO THANK
YOU", BUT I SAW NO HIDDEN TRAP
AT THE MOMENT, AND WHEN, EDGERS
GOOD WILL, MR. WALLACE OFFERED
ME HIS HAND, I GLASPED IT GRATE-
FULLY!

"NOW THAT I THINK BACK, IT SEEMS
THAT I'D MUST HAVE KNOWN ALL
THE TIME. BUT THAT NIGHT, SHE HAD
TO HER FATHER, THREW HER ARMS
AROUND HIS NECK, AND WEPT FOR
HOURS...



JUST BE GOOD TO
MY DAUGHTER,
ELMER... AND BE
HAPPY TOGETHER!

IN-THANK
YOU, SIR.



OH, DADDY DADDY! IT'S WORTH
YOU'VE SO **WON-**
DERFUL TO US... I'D LIKE TO GIVE
YOU AND ELMER
OUR CHILDREN
A PROPER BIRTH!



"FOR AN ENTIRE TWO WEEKS, ICA AND I HOURS
HUNTED. WE FOUND THIS PLACE... SMALL, COMFORTA-
BLE, A DREAM COTTAGE. THE DOWN PAYMENT'S FURNISH-
ING THE PLACE EMPTIED MY BANK ACCOUNT, BUT I
WAS BLISSFULLY HAPPY. THE SUNDAY AFTER WE MOVED
IN, THE WALLACES CAME TO SEE OUR NEST..."



I DON'T
UNDER-
STAND,
MR. WAL-
LACE...

YOU REMEMBER I SAID MR. AND
I WERE MAKING A SACRIFICE
POINT, HENBERT!
TO HELP YOU GET STARTED IN
YOUR OWN HOME, ELMER...

THE
POINT,
HENBERT!
GET TO
THE POINT!

THE POINT IS, ELMER, WE HAD TO GO
INTO DEBT TO GET THAT THOUSAND
DOLLARS FOR YOU, AND THEN MY
BUSINESS SLOWED DOWN, AND...
RIGHT NOW... WHAT WITH WHAT I
OWE... I... I



WELL, WE'RE
HAVING
TRUBLE
MAKING
ENDS MEET,
ELMER!

"I WAS BEING TAKEN FOR A WELL-PLANNED RIDE... AND MY LOVING BRIDE HAD THE STEERING WHEEL IN HER OWN LITTLE CLUTCHING HANDS..."



WE CAN'T LET MOTHER AND DADDY
SUFFER... NOT AFTER ALL THEY'VE
DONE FOR US, CAN WE, DEARY? TELL
THEM THEY'RE WELCOME TO SHARE
WHAT WE HAVE UNTIL THINGS ARE
BETTER. TELL THEM!

HUH... JUM,
THAT'S... THAT'S
RIGHT
OF COURSE!

"THAT WAS THE FIRST PAINT RUMBLING OF THE TEM-
PEST YET TO COME. THE WALLACES CAME UP THEIR
APARTMENT AND MOVED IN WITH US. ICA WAS A MOST
GENEROUS DAUGHTER..."



RIGHT IN HERE, MOTHER AND DADDY! WE'LL
LET THEM HAVE OUR ROOM, ELMER. IT'S
CLOSER TO THE BATHROOM, AND SINCE
IT'S SO HOT TEMPORARY!

"TEMPORARY, SHE SAID! BUT BEFORE I KNOW IT, THEY'VE BEEN THERE FIVE WEEKS. I COULD JUST ABOUT MANAGE TO MEET MY BILLS, IF THERE WEREN'T OTHER DEMANDS ON MY SMALL INCOME.



BUT, I CAN'T AFFORD A T.V. SET, MR. WALLACE... NOT EVEN A SMALL-SCREEN SET!

THAT'S GRATITUDE! I GIVE YOU \$1000 FOR A HOME, AND YOU EXPECT ME TO FURNISH IT, TOO?



BELIEVE ME, I'M GRATEFUL... BUT THAT MONEY WAS JUST ENOUGH TO LET ME GO INTO DEBT FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS. SADDLED WITH A MORTGAGE, I'VE GOT PAYMENTS TO MEET... ON THAT... AND THE OTHER FURNITURE... AND...

THEN A FEW MORE DOLLARS A MONTH WON'T HURT! TELL YOU WHAT! I'LL PUT THE TEN BUCKS DOWN ON THE T.V. SET!

"AFTER MR. WALLACE GOT HIS T.V. SET, **BOBBE**, WALLACE HAD A REQUEST:



YOU'LL SEE ELMER WITH WHAT YOU SAVE ON LAUNDRY FOR THE FOUR OF US. THIS WASHING MACHINE WILL PAY FOR ITSELF!

"MONTHS WENT BY, MY BUDGET GREW AND WEIGHED UPON ME LIKE A MILLSTONE. ONE DAY I FOUND THE COURAGE TO TALK TO IDA.



I LIKE YOUR FOLKS, IDA, BUT I CAN'T GO ON SUPPORTING THEM FOR...

SUPPORTING? AFTER WHAT THEY'VE DONE! WHAT A LOATHSOME WAY TO REPAY THEM FOR THEIR GENEROSITY!

"THE CORNERS OF IDA'S MOUTH DROOPED, AND HER EYES WERE COLD AND HARD... PIERCING ME THROUGH AS SHE SPOKE...



YOU'RE BLAMING MOTHER AND DAD! BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT A GOOD PROVIDER. YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW IT, ELMER. I'M NOT SATISFIED... NOT AT ALL SATISFIED. I THOUGHT YOU HAD AMBITION! I THOUGHT YOU'D GO PLACES... SET AHEAD IN THE WORLD. INSTEAD, YOU'RE STUCK IN A POOR PAVING JOB.

IDA SPOKE BITTERLY AND LOUDLY... LOUD ENOUGH FOR HER PARENTS TO HEAR. THEY ACCEPTED IT AS AN INVITATION TO JOIN HER PIERCE MARRIAGE...



SOMETIMES I WISH IDA HADN'T... WELL, I'D BETTER NOT SAY WHAT I'M THINKING!

I THOUGHT YOU HAD BOBBE, DIDN'T I? I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO GET AHEAD!

"DRIVEN MORE BY DESPERATION AND DEBT THAN BY THEIR BODIES, I FINALLY GATHERED THE COURAGE TO ASK MY BOSS, MR. BENTLEY, FOR A RAISE. BUT THE MINUTE I ENTERED HIS PLUSH OFFICE...



I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR WORK, PRESTON. YOU'VE BEEN SETTING CARELESSLY LATELY... SLOPPY... VERY SLOPPY!

I... I DON'T REALIZE, MR. BENTLEY! I'M SORRY, BUT I'LL DO BETTER IN THE FUTURE! I PROMISE!

"I HAD UNCOVERED A GUY BY COMPLAINING AGAINST
IDA'S POLKS, AND FROM THAT DAY ON, A BITTER
TERROR OF CRITICISM FLOODED THROUGH THE
FLOODEGATES AT ME..."

"HOW COULD I TELL THEM MR. BENTLY HAD MORE THAN
REFUSED ME A RAISE? THEY SAWE ME NO PEACE, FROM
THE MOMENT I CAME HOME FROM WORK..."

"WHAT ABOUT THAT
RAISE I TOLD YOU
TO ASK FOR, ELMERT?
WHEN ARE YOU GOING
TO GET ENOUGH
NERVE..."

"ASK FOR? YOU DON'T
ASK FOR A RAISE? YOU
DEMAND IT! THAT'S THE
ONLY WAY TO GET AHEAD...
BY DEMANDING..."

"WELL, ELMERT, NOW'S YOU
MAKE SURE! DID YOU TELL THAT
BOSS OF YOURS TO COME
ACROSS OR GET A NEW BOSS?"

"I TOLD HIM
NOTHING! MR. WALLACE,
NOBODY TALKS THAT
WAY TO MR. BENTLY!"

"...AND I'D ALWAYS GET THE SAME
RESPONSE..."

"EVERY MEAL BECAME A NIGHT-
MARE, FROM THE TIME I'D SIT
DOWN..."

"I'D FORCE MYSELF TO EAT, AND
THE DISTASTEFUL FOOD WOULD SOAR
ON THE WAF DOWN..."

"WAL, DON'T... GOOD LORD, MAN!
DON'T YOU WANT TO GET AHEAD
IN THIS WORLD?"

"YOU'RE A FAILURE,
ELMERT! I CAN'T
STAND A
FAILURE!"

"ALL MY
LIFE I
FOUGHT TO
GET AHEAD..."

"DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH,
HERBERT! YOU CAN'T TURN A
JELLY-FISH INTO A TIGER
SKIN, I ALWAYS SAY!"

"SUDDENLY THERE'D BE A VIOLENT CHURNING IN THE PIT OF MY
STOMACH AND I'D HAVE TO RUN FROM THE ROOM..."

"I'D RUSH IT TO THE BATHROOM... MOST OF
THE TIME... AND ALL BUT HEAVE UP MY
INSIDES..."

"SO DON'T RUN! I WISH
IN YOUR SHOES, I WOULDN'T
WANT TO HEAR THE TRUTH
ABOUT MYSELF... EITHER!"

"BENTLY YOU TRY TO
TELL HIM SOMETHING
FOR HIS OWN GOOD
AND HE RUNS OFF IN
A HUFF! HE'S INSULTED!"

"YOU MARRIED
A REAL
LEMON, IDA!"

"HE'LL NEVER
AMOUNT TO
ANYTHING!"

"NOW DID THE TORMENT STOP WHEN WE WENT TO BED. IDA WOULD HAD ME TELL SHE WAS HOARSE, AND I'D COVER MY HEAD WITH MY PILLOW, BUT I'D STILL HEAR!"

ONLY SIXTY-SEVEN MISERABLE DOLLARS A WEEK... IN THESE DAYS. PLEASE... PLEASE... PLEASE... IDA! IT'S I'M ASHAMED FOR MOTHER AND DADDY TO KNOW... BUT OF COURSE THEY DO KNOW. THEY KNOW THE KIND OF CLOTHES I WEAR... THEY SEE THE FURNITURE... THREADBARE... JUNK!



"SO THE MONTHS DROGGED INTO YEARS AND THE WALLACE STAYED ON WITH US... BARRING ME... HOUNDING... COMPLAINING... ALWAYS COMPLAINING..."

YOU REMEMBER WHEN YOU BOUGHT THAT WASHING MACHINE? IT TOLD YOU IT DIDN'T PAY TO BUY CHEAP! WELL, IT'S READY FOR THE JUNKHEAP!

IT WON'T GET LONELY THERE, BELIEVE ME. IT'LL HAVE THAT STITCHING TWELVE-INCH-SCREEN T.V. SET FOR COMPANY.



"WHEN I'D HEARD ALL I COULD STAND, I'D HURRY FROM THE LIVING ROOM..."

NEVER MIND, MOTHER! FROM NOW ON, I'LL DO THE BUYING! WE CAN'T AFFORD MUCH, MOTHER, BUT WHAT WE DO GET WILL BE THE BEST!



'EVER A LOOKED DOOR WAS NO GUARANTEE OF PRIVACY!

ARE YOU GOING TO STAY IN THERE ALL NIGHT, ELMER? LISTEN... ABOUT THE TV SET! I WAS DOWNTOWN TODAY, TALKING TO A DEALER ABOUT A TRADE-IN ON A LARGER SCREEN, AND...



'I WAS TOO TIMID TO ADMIT IT TO MYSELF THEN, BUT I'D COME TO HATE IDA AND HER MOTHER AND FATHER. I'D BE SHAVING IN THE MORNING AND MY WIFE WOULD COME IN AND THE DAY'S RASBING WOULD BEGIN..."

I DON'T SEE WHY DADDY SHOULD HAVE TO KEEP POUNDING IT INTO YOU! YOU SHOULD WANT TO GET AHEAD YOURSELF, ELMER.

I KNOW, DEAR.



"THIS MORNING, AS ALWAYS, WE SAT AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE AND I LISTENED TO THEM TALKING, TALKING... AND NEARBY, THE STORM GATHERED. I COULDN'T HEAR IT RUMBLING..."

A MAN WITHOUT AMBITION IS A WALKING CORPSE, ELMER! I KNOW I'M REPEATING MYSELF, BUT TRY TO BE A SUCCESS. TRY, ELMER. ELMER? YOU LISTENING?

MUM! ONLY YOU, PEE, I'LL TRY!



'AND TODAY, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, I DIDN'T GO TO WORK. I WANDERED AROUND THE STREETS, WONDERING WHAT WAS WRONG WITH ME... LISTENING TO THE STORM THUNDERING IN THE DISTANCE, COMING CLOSER... CLOSER... READY TO BREAK AT ANY MOMENT..."

WHY DON'T I GET AHEAD? EVERYBODY ELSE DOES! I'VE GOT TO! I'VE... HEH... HEH... I'VE... EN... EN...



"WHEN I GOT HOME THAT NIGHT, LATE FOR DINNER, THEY JUST STARED AT ME...IDA AND MR. WALLACE AND MRS. WALLACE...THE STORM RUMBLED AROUND...THREATENING...THREATENING TO BREAK...THOSE IN MY THROBBING HEAD...AND I JUST STARED BACK AT THEM..."



"WELL?"

"IT'S ABOUT FINE!"

"WHERE WERE YOU TODAY? MR. BENTLEY CALLED!"

"THEN, SUDDENLY, THE STORM TORE LOOSE...HOWLING, SCREAMING-BLACK AROUND ME...THUNDERING...WILD TERROR-FURY AND ABOVE THE STORM, THEIR VOICES... THEIR RASTY VOICES..."



"IS THAT THE WAY TO TRY TO GET AHEAD... STAY HOME FROM WORK?"

"YOU SAID YOU'D TRY TO GET AHEAD, ELMER!"

"WHY CAN'T YOU GET AHEAD, ELMER?"

"I FAR OUT...BUT NOT TO THE BATH-ROOM THIS TIME...I RAN TO THE KITCHEN...THROUGH THE RAGING STORM...I CAME BACK WITH THE MEAT CLEAVER..."



"ELMER!"

"THE STORM SHRIEKED IN MY BRAIN, WHITE BLINDING LIGHTNING FLASHES EXPLODED, THE BLACK FURY TURNED RED, RED, SPURTING RED AS I GRABBED THE CLEAVER..."



"ELMER!"

"YAAA...AAH...!"

ELMER PRESTON STARED STRAIGHT AHEAD, SMILING. THE WILD GLEAM RETURNED TO HIS EYES, AND HE ENDED OUT MORE WORDS BETWEEN SHORT, HIGH-PITCHED BURSTS OF 'LAUGHTER...'



"SO YOU SEE, I... ELMER... DID GET AHEAD, ELMER... AFTER ALL!"

AND SLOWLY, THE POLICEMEN FOLLOWED ELMER'S WILD GAZE TO THE DINNER TABLE...TO THE MEAT PLACE SETTINGS... AND THE PLATES WITH THEIR NARROWING FACES STARING BACK AT THEM...



"I...ELM, ER... I NOT ONLY GOT A HEAD...I...ELMER...I GOT THREE HEADS!"

"YEAH, PRESTON? CHOICE...WE SEE"

"YOU WERE A REAL SUCCESS, PRESTON!"

HEH, HEH... A TRIPLE HEADER, OH, NICEEST SO, IDA AND HER FOLKS DROVE ELMER BATS, BUT THEY WENT OUT ON STRIKES... IN ONE, TWO, THREE ORDERS... ALL RIGHT OVER THE PLATE... WELL, THE GAME'S OVER NOW, CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF MENTAL STORM! AND YOU AND I WILL TAKE A BUMP-ON-ONOR TILL NEXT WE MEET. HOPE YOU LIKED MY NEW MAG, NOW THE OLD WITCH AWAITS TO BIND UP THE FRIENDS/INTIMATES. THIS IS YOUR DRAFT-KEEPER, BIDDING YOU GOOD-BYE AND WISHING YOU NOTHING BUT THE BEST... NIGHTMARES!"



THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE-HEE! AND NOW IT'S WIND-UP SPOT IN C.B.'S NEW CREEPS COMIC, AND YOUR SHIVER-SHIVER, THE OLD WITCH, IS READY TO STIR UP HER CRODDY CAULDRON AND LAKE OUT A LURID LITERARY LUNCHEON. THIS TASTY TALE OF TERROR-FREMORE IS TOLD BY ONE TOMY BARRETT. LISTEN, NOW, AS HE SARFS OUT THE DELICIOUS DISH HE CALLS...

TATTER UP!

MEET I'M TOMY BARRETT. I'M NOT A BAD-LOOKIN' GUY, I'M FOUNG, FOG, THIRTY-FOUR, CHAK SO NOW COME I COULD SIT AROUND ON A HOT-REDKIN' COUCH, HOLDIN' MANDS WITH A SHAGGLE-TOOTHED HAG NAMED FANNY OGDEN? NOW COME I COULD STAND THE MILDLY-YELLOWED WALL PAPERS... THE CRACKED CEILINGS... THE WHOLE HOUSE STINKIN' LIKE THE MOUTH OF A DUE-UP COPPIN'... AND THE STINK OF FANNY HERSELF? YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! YOU GOT THE PICTURE? FANNY OGDEN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE LOADED!



DEADLY

I... I BEEN MARRI' T' ASK YOU, FANNY. I JUS' DON'T KNOW NOW! I... I BEEN MARRI' T' ASK YOU IF YOU'LL MARRY ME!

OH, TOMY! I'VE BEEN PRAYING YOU'D ASK ME... DREAMING OF IT... BUT NEVER REALLY BELIEVING YOU WOULD! OH, YEAH, TOMY? YEAH! I WILL MARRY YOU!



SURE I WANTED THAT WOODSOMER WITCH FOR A WIFE. I WANTED TO MARRY THE HUNDRED GRAND FORTUNE TO HEARD ABOUT. THE DOUGH HER FIRST HUSBAND HAD LEFT HER, THE MISERABLE WIDOW WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE EVERY LAST CENT OF IT. NO... THERE, IN THAT FOUL-SMELLING FILTHY HOUSE...

THEN I GUESSED... CHORE THIS CALLS FOR A KISS!

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE BEEN KISSED, TOMY!



WELL, I'LL SKIP THE OBSCURE DETAILS EXCEPT TO SAY THAT FANNY BECAME MRS. TOMY BARRETT, AND I STARTED HITTING THE BOTTLE TO BRAGE MYSELF AGAINST LIVING WITH HER...



AREN'T YOU COMING UP, MONEY-BURT? IT'S LATE...

YOU GO AHEAD, FANNY! I'LL BE UP IN AN HOUR OR SO. DON'T WAIT UP.

TROUBLE WITH DRINKIN' WAS IT USED TO GET ME DOWN, I'D WORRY. I'D WORRY REAL BAD...



MAYBE THERE *AIN'T* NO COOLIN, MAYBE I GOT A *BUM STEER* FROM THE *BUY* THAT FOLDED ME

AFTER THE FIRST TWO WEEKS, I GOT REAL DEJECTED, THERE WAS NO REST OF THE BOUND.



I'M BEGINNIN' T' THINK I'VE BEEN A *DUCKER*, SARDIN' MYSELF WITH A DRICED-UP WITHERED *EXCUSE* FOR A *FEMALE*, I'LL BRAG UP ONE DAY AND FIND OUT THERE *AIN'T* NO HUNDRED S' BELL, IN A *PIR'S* STE I WILL!

SO I WENT UP INTO THE BEDROOM WHERE FANNY SAT WITH THAT STRAGGLED MOP OF HERB UP IN CURLERS, BUT I DIDN'T LOOK AT FANNY THING. I HEADED FOR THE CLOSET... FOR MY SUITCASE.



TOMMY IS THERE SOMETHING *WROUD*?

FEAR, BABY! YOU AND ME! I'M CLEARIN' OUT...

I BOUNCED MY SUITCASE ONTO THE BED AND FORCED MY CLOTHES INTO IT. MY BRIDE JUMPED UP LIKE A BEE'D STUNG HER, AND SHE THREW HER SNEY ARM AROUND ME.



TOMMY! PLEASE! DON'T LEAVE ME! PLEASE DON'T!

WE MADE A MISTAKE! FORGET IT! TOMMY ME, FANNY!

TOMMY, I KNOW I'M DUCK, UGLY AND OLD, BUT I'M *WIKIN*, I NEVER TOLD YOU, DID I? I'VE GOT A LOT OF MONEY, AND I LOVE YOU, TOMMY... AS MUCH AS I CAN. YOU'RE HANDSOME, FANNY, I HAVE JUST A FEW YEARS LEFT STAY WITH ME AND MAKE THEM *HAPPY* YEARS, DEAR, AND WHEN I'M *GONE*, ALL THAT MONEY WILL BE *YOURS*!



OHAY, BABY! BRAY? YOU TALKED ME INTO IT!

WELL, IT TURNED OUT THERE *WAS* MONEY AFTER ALL. THE *BUY*'S BEEN *RIGHT*, SO I DID MY *BEST* TO MAKE FANNY *HAPPY*. I *STAYED*, BUT I WONDERED WHAT SHE *LIVED* ON, IF SHE NEVER *SPENT* ANY OF HER *DOLLAR*, AND ONE DAY, I FOUND OUT...



IN *MRS. BUCK*'S AT HO...

YOU! THE *BUY* I *WENT*! THE *BUY* THAT *FOLDED* ME ABOUT HER...

I'M A **RAGMAN**!
MRS. OGDEN IS
ALWAYS SELLING
ME HER OLD
RAGS...



YOU HAVE A **NICE**
WIFE, SIR. SHE'S
VERY **GOOD** TO ME.
SHE ALWAYS HAS
RAGS TO SELL
ME. I'M A
RAGMAN...



MAYBE I'M
WRONG BUT
I COULD
BREAK IT
WAS FOR
I MET THAT
NIGHT...

BUT AT THAT **MOMENT**, **FANNY** THROU-
DLED DOWN THE STAIRS WITH A LOAD
OF OLD **RAGS**... **WOMEN'S** DRESSES... **WOMEN'S** CLOTHES.
THE **RAGMAN** GRINNED LIKE AN
IDOT WHEN HE SAW THEM...



FINE, **MRS. BARRETT**! **SEVEN**
SENT **FINE!** YOU
GAVE **SEVEN** **DOL-**
LARS FOR **THESE!** **SEVEN**
SACKS...
FOR **THAT** **OLD**
CARABOOT
WOM!

THE OLD CREEP STOPPED COLD AND GAVE ME A
FIGHT STARE, LIKE I'D INSULTED HIM. **FANNY**
TRIED TO COVER UP...



TONY DON'T
MEAN ANY-
THING. HE
JUST **DON'T**
UNDERSTAND

FEAR WAS
SO **HARD**
FEELING!
IF YOU WANT
TO **OVERPAKE**
IT'S **YOUR**
BUSINESS...

YOUR **WIFE** HAS
BEEN **GOOD** TO
ME... AND I **TRY**
TO **BE** **GOOD** TO
HER. **HERE** YOU
ARE, **MRS. OGDEN**...
MRS. BARRETT!

AFTER THE **RAGMAN** PAID **FANNY**, HE LEFT. I FELT PRETTY
SHOK INSIDE... YOU CAN IMAGINE...



WHAT'S WITH THE **RAG**
BUSINESS, **BART?** WHERE
DO YOU **GET** THEM?

WHY I **PICK** THEM UP?
TONY... **HERE** AND
THERE...

NICE, RIGHT? **SON** MARRIED TO AN OLD **RAG**-MIGHT
ENOUGH! NOW I HAD TO FIND OUT SHE WAS A
RAG-PICKER BESIDES. THAT WAS THE LAST
STRAW. I'D MADE UP MY MIND WHEN **FANNY**
ANNOUNCED AFTER LUNCH...



I'M **SOME** **BUT** **BEAR**
DON'T BE **TOO** **LOWKEY**
WHILE I'M **SOME!**

FEAR **FANNY**
SURE!

FANNY DIDN'T SAY WHAT SHE WAS GOING OUT FOR, BUT I KNEW
IT WAS TO DO SOME **RAG-PICKING**! WELL, THAT WAS OKAY WITH
ME. THAT GAVE ME TIME TO MULL OVER THE **RUBBLE**-
CRAMMED ATTIC AFTER SOME PORN'S OF MY OWN...



I GOT TO FIND **THAT** **DOUGH!** I GOT TO FIND THAT
DUGH AND **GET** **AWAY!** ME... MARRIED TO A **ROAD-FACED**
RAG-PICKER! I'LL GO **HUTS** IF I HAVN'T **KEEP** ON
LIVIN' WITH **HER!**

I TURNED THAT OTTIC UPSIDE DOWN BUT IT WAS NO SOAP. I DIDN'T FIND A THING.

IT'S GOT TO BE IN THE HOUSE SOMEWHERE! YOU JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO RISE A HUNDRED BRAND IN A HOUSEHOLE! I'LL FIND IT IF...

TONY? WHERE ARE YOU TONY?



IT WAS FANNY! CALLIN' ME. I WENT DOWN AND GOT HAIRBUSHES LOOKIN' AT HER...THAT PATCHED AND PAVED BRASS...THE TWO DIFFERENT COLORED COTTON STOCKIN'S...AND ON HER FEET...NO KIDDIN'!...SNEAKERS. SHE HAD A BIRTY BAGG STUFFED FULL OVER HER SHOULDER...

LOOKS LIKE HUNTER WAS PRETTY GOOD TODAY, FANNY. HOW MUCH YOU GOT LEFT BUCKS WORTH, MAISE TONY?

WHERE WERE YOU TONY?



I COULDN'T STAND THE MESS AROUND THIS HOUSE ANY MORE, SO I STARTED CLEANIN' UP...IN THE ATTIC!

IN THE ATTIC? Oh, WELL. THAT'S NICEL...



FANNY DIDN'T SEEM DISTURBED ABOUT BE WORKIN AROUND UP IN THE ATTIC, SO I FIGURED THAT'S NOT WHERE THE HUNDRED \$'S WAS STASHED AWAY. I WAS ALL ON EDGE WAITIN' FOR HER TO GO OUT AGAIN SO'E I COULD START LOOKIN' SOMEWHERE ELSE, BUT FIRST THE BARMAN TURNED UP.



I COULD SWEAR HE'S THE SAME GUY THAT TOLD ME ABOUT FANNY.

SUCH NICE HAIR, MRS. BARNETT! SUCH BEAU-TIFUL HAIR.

FINALLY FANNY LEFT WITH HER BAGGAGE AND I WENT TO WORK ON ONE OF THE LIFETIME ROOMS, PERLIN' THROUGH BATTERED MOTH-EATEN FURNITURE, FLOWIN' THROUGH THE TRASH-STUFFED CLOSET...



IT'LL TAKE ME MONTHS TO FIND THAT COUGH-A FEAR, MAISE... UNLESS I'M LUCKY.

AFTER A WHILE I GOT MAD AND RIPPED OPEN THE MATTRESS ON THE OLD BRASS BED. I WAS SO BUSY, I DIDN'T HEAR FANNY SNEAK UPSTAIRS AND CREEP INTO THE ROOM LIKE A SCRAWNY OLD CAT. BUT SUDDENLY I FELT HER THERE.



FANNY... I...

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE STILL CLEANIN' UP, TONY.

I COULD TELL SHE KNEW WHAT I WAS UP TO, 'CAUSE SHE HAD A SMILE INSIDE THAT BLINDED THROUGH HER EYES. SHE WAS LAUGHIN' IN HER SUITS 'CAUSE I COULDN'T FIND HER HOUND AND IT MADE ME MAD...



FEAR, THAT'S WHAT I'M DOIN'... CLEANIN' UP THIS FILTHY PESTER! MAYBE YOU DON'T LIKE THAT.

I SAID I'M GLAD, HONEY...

THAT'S HOW I WENT FOR WEEKS. EVERY DAY THAT ARMANI CAME AND GOT PRACTICALLY DELICIOUS OVER SOME POUL RAGE BY WIFE SOLD HIM.



LOVELY.. ABSOLUTELY LOVELY. MRS. GARRETT.

AND EVERY DAY, AFTER IHE WENT OUT BORDURISM' THROUGH LONG-KNOWS-WHAT TRASH FOR RAGE, I PLUNGED INTO MY TREASURE HUNT...



I GOTTA FIND IT SOON! I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! EVERY MINUTE I STAY IS TIME OUTTA MY LIFE WORSEY IT'S TORTURE!

AND SEE'Z COME BACK...KNOWIN' WHAT I WAS UP TO, BUT I DIDN'T GIVE A HANG EXCEPT THAT SHE WAS ALL THE TIME LAUGHIN' AT ME AND I'D GET ALL CHOSED UP WITH HATE FOR HER...



YOU MEN ARE ALL ALIVE, WHEN YOU TRY TO TIE UP A HOUSE, IT LOOKS WORSE THAN WHEN YOU STARTED.

FINALLY I COULDN'T TAKE IT NO MORE. I COULDN'T STAND FARRIE GIVIN ME THE HORSE-LAUGH. I COULDN'T STAND LOOKIN' AT HER. SO ONE DAY, I WENT DOWN THE CELLAR AND STARTED DIGGIN'... BUT NOT FOR HER MONEY.



NOW, LET HER COME DOWN HERE! JUST LET HER COME.

AND WHEN SHE GOT HOME THAT DAY, I LISTENED TO HER CALL ME, BUT I DIDN'T ANSWER. I MADE SOME NOISE AND WAITED...



WHY, TOMMY HOW CLEVER! YOU'RE GOING TO BURY ALL THE OLD TRASH INSTEAD OF HAVING TO CARRY IT OUTSIDE.

AW, COME OFF IT, BABY! YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M DOIN'...

FARRIE LOOKED AT ME REAL COLD LIKE AND WHISPERED SARCASMATICALLY...



OF COURSE YOU'VE DIGGIN FOR TREASURE... A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR TREASURE!

WRODE BEAM! I'M DIGGIN! A GRAVE! YOUR GRAVE!

FARRIE COULD SEE BY MY FACE I WAS LEVELIN'. IT WAS LIKE SHE'D NEVER EXPECTED THIS TURN OF EVENTS, SHE LET OUT A LITTLE SCREAM AND STARTED TO RUN. I WENT THE OTHER WAY.



BRRRRHHHH!

I THE PICK HOOKED HER DEEP IN HER BACK AND SHE HIT THE CELLAR FLOOR LIKE AN OLE LOS THEN I WENT TO WORK ON THAT FACE ... THAT AWFL UGLY FACE, IT WAS JUST SOMETHIN' I HAD TO DO. LIKE I WAS GETTIN' EVEN FOR HAVIN' DESPAISED MYSELF BY MARRI' LOVE TO IT ALL THOSE MONTHS...



SH... UHH... UHHH...

I WAS SOB-TINED FROM WHAT I'D DONE SO I HIT THE HAY EARLY THAT NIGHT AND SLEPT UNTIL I HEARD A SCREE IN THE FRONT YARD. IT WAS THE FISHERMAN...



LOOK, PALL, MY WIFE TOOK OFF ON A LONG TRIP. SHE WON'T BE BACK FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS. COME BACK THEN, HUH?

CAN'T YOU TELL ME SOME NEWS?

I WAS READY TO SLAM THE DOOR IN HIS FACE BUT, JUST TO GET RID OF THE PEST, I DRAGGED DOWN SOME COOKING OIL FROM THE CUPBOARD. WE DIDN'T SEEM HAPPY WITH THEM...



THESE AREN'T VERY GOOD RABB, MR. BARRETT! I CAN'T PAY YOU MUCH FOR THEM...

FORGET IT, PALL! TAKE 'EM... AS A GIFT! NOW, GO AWAY AND DON'T BOTHER ME!

AFTER I FINISHED I CARRIED HER BLOODY BODY INTO THE GRAVE AND COVERED THE WHOLE THING OVER WITH DIRT.



WELL, BABY? I SWEAR YOU KNOW WHO GOT THE LAST LAUGH NOW.

I SPENT DAYS COMBIN' THROUGH THE REST OF THE HOUSE. I EVEN TORE UP THE KITCHEN, I WASHED AWAY THE OIL STAINS, SO ONWARD IT WAS GETTIN' ME DOWN.



IT'S GOF TO BE HERE... SOMEWHERE? IT'S GOF TO? I CAN'T OUIT! I CAN'T.

AND TO TOP IT ALL OFF, THAT CRUMMY CREEP KEPT COMIN' BACK, ALL THE MORNIN'. I FLIPPED MY LID...



I'VE BEEN OVER THIS GUMP FROM AFFIX TO CELLAR! I SAWE YOU EVERY WAD I COULD FIND! I GOT NO MORE PAST! NOW, FOR GOD'S SAKE, LEAVE ME ALONE!

WHS BARRETT WOULD HAVE RABB FOR ME...

NOW I'M A GUY WITH A STRONG CONSCIENCE, SO WHAT WITH THE NAGMAN HESTERIN' ME AND FANNY LATTIN' DEAD IN THE CELLAR, I COULDN'T SLEEP TONIGHT. AROUND MID-NIGHT OR SO, I HEARD A NOISE IN THE HOUSE. I GOT A RUN OUT OF MY SUITCASE AND WENT DOWNSTAIRS FOR A LOOK.



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